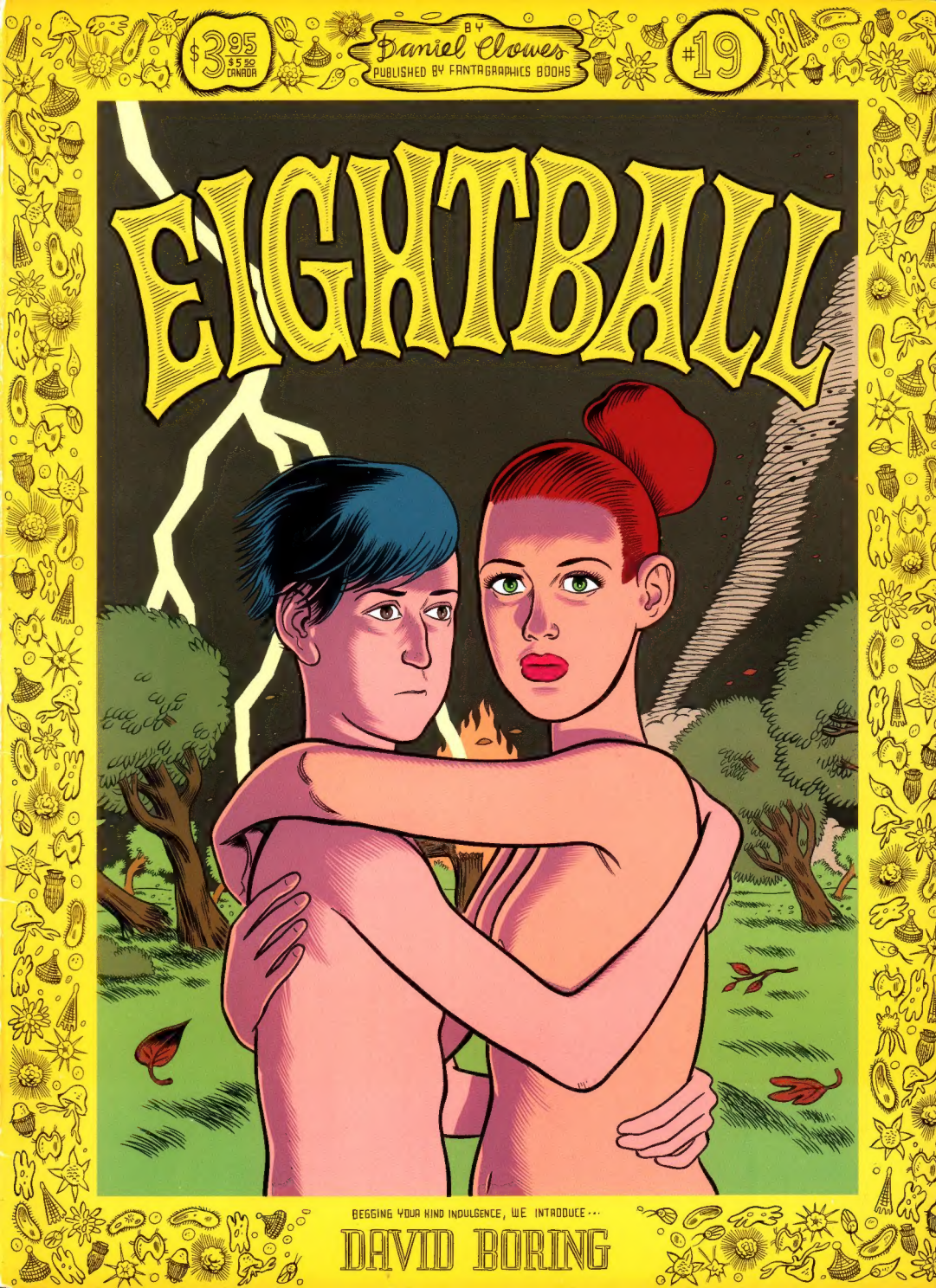
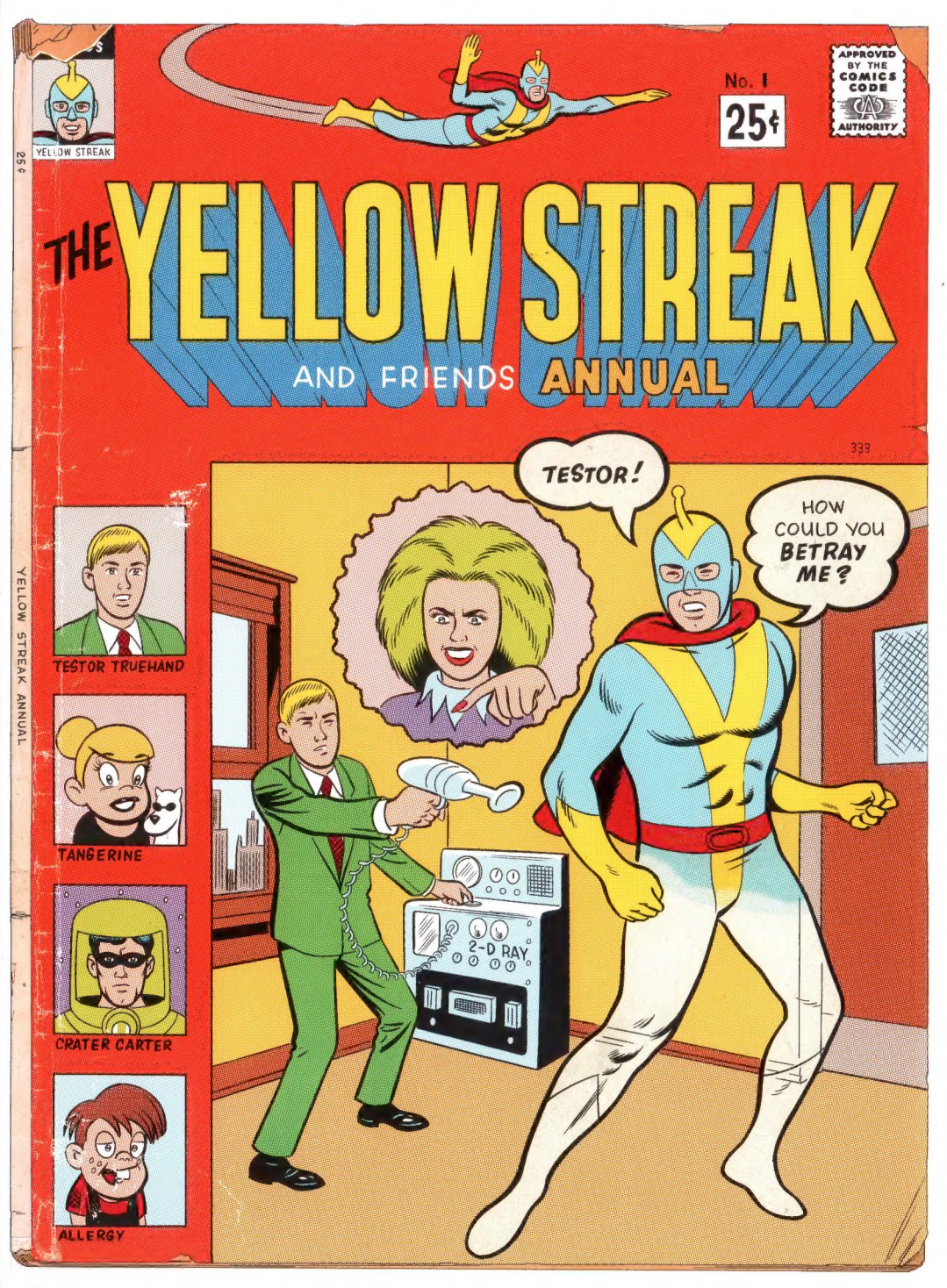
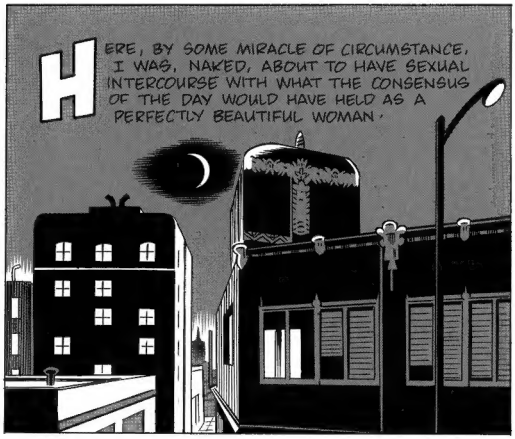
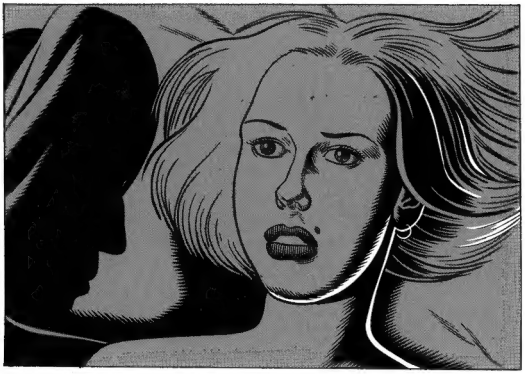

$3.95
$5.50 CANADA
BY
Daniel Clowes
PUBLISHED BY FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS
#19
EIGHTBALL
BEGGING YOUR KIND INDULGENCE, WE INTRODUCE...
DAVID BORING


YELLOW STREAK
No. 1
25¢
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
THE YELLOW STREAK
AND FRIENDS ANNUAL
333
TESTOR!
HOW COULD YOU BETRAY ME?
2-D RAY
TESTOR TRUEHAND
TANGERINE
CRATER CARTER
ALLERGY
YELLOW STREAK ANNUAL
25¢





A STORY IN THREE ACTS

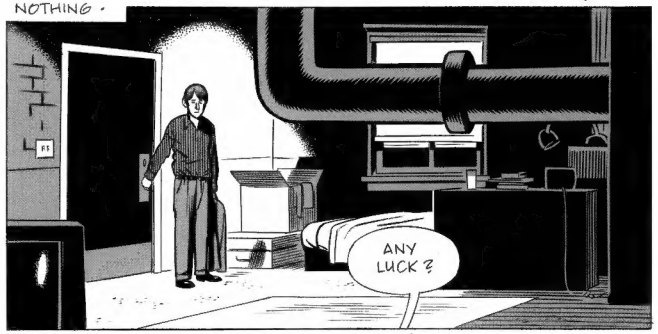
BY

DANIEL CLOWES

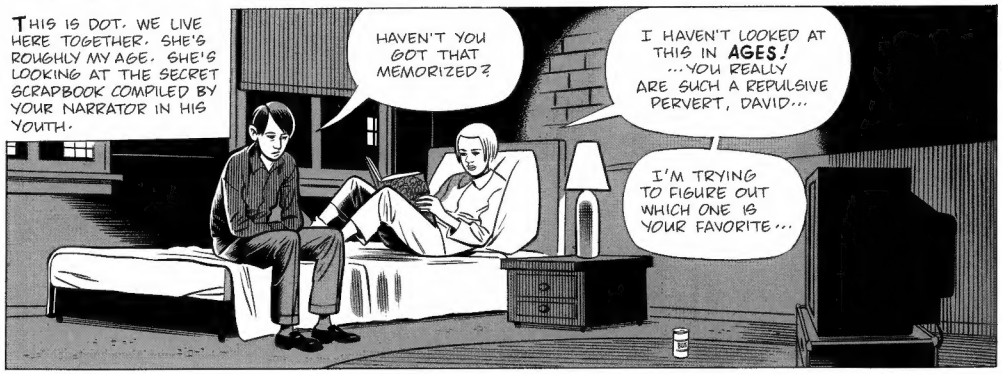
DAVID BORING

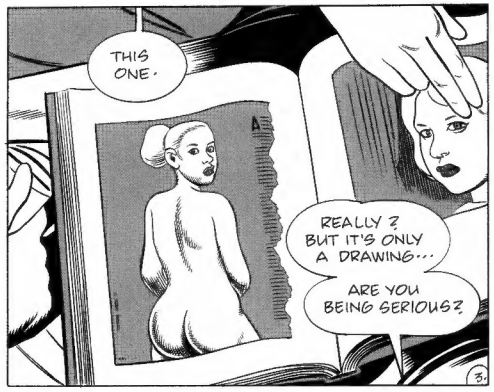
I'M DAVID, YOUR EPONYMOUS NARRATOR. DAVID JUPITER BORING, THE FIRST. MY FATHER WAS A CARTOONIST (NOT THE GUY WHO DREW S------N IN THE 1950'S). I WAS BORN ON THE 6TH OF MAY IN 1978 AT 9:10 PM.

IT IS NOW FEBRUARY THE 24TH, 1998, 2:40 AM. SINCE MOVING TO THE CITY I'VE HAD SEX WITH SIX DIFFERENT WOMEN. PRIOR TO THAT, NOTHING.

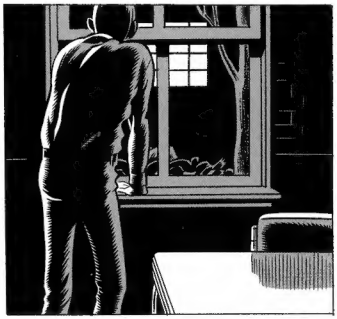


THIS IS DOT. WE LIVE HERE TOGETHER. SHE'S ROUGHLY MY AGE. SHE'S LOOKING AT THE SECRET SCRAPBOOK COMPILED BY YOUR NARRATOR IN HIS YOUTH.





NEXT TO OUR BUILDING IS A VACANT LOT FILLED WITH GARBAGE. IT BEGAN WITH A LAYER OF TYPICAL FLOTSAM (TIRES, SOFA, MATTRESS) BUT AS THE LEVEL CONTINUES TO RISE (THE FIRST FLOOR IS NEARLY SUBMERGED) DISCARDED OBJECTS SEEM MORE AND MORE TO HAVE BEEN LEFT FOR THEIR SYMBOLIC VALUE...

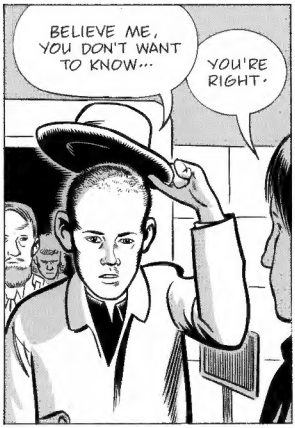


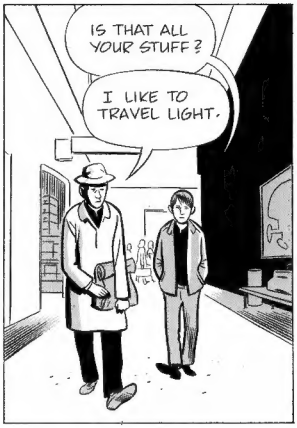
I GREW UP IN THE COUNTRY, IN MERRYVALE TOWNSHIP, WITH MY MOTHER (MY FATHER ESCAPED WHEN I WAS VERY YOUNG. HIS WORKS WERE THEREAFTER FORBIDDEN, THOUGH I SAVED A FEW SECRET ISSUES). I WAS EDUCATED AT HOME UNTIL I WAS 14, AT WHICH TIME I WAS SENT TO THE LOCAL HIGH SCHOOL (GO HOOTOWLS) WHERE I BEFRIENDED WHITEY, A CYNICAL HAYSEED WITH PRETENSIONS OF URBANITY WHO HAD BEEN THE SCHOOL PUNCHING BAG BEFORE MY ARRIVAL.

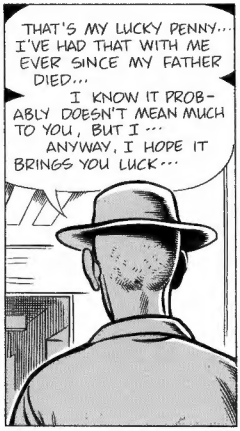
I SPENT MY SENIOR YEAR IN A SCHOOL FOR "GIFTED" CHILDREN IN LIVERBROOK, AT WHICH I DID POORLY BUT HAD THE GOOD FORTUNE TO MEET DOT, MY ONLY TRUE FRIEND IN THIS MISERABLE LIFE (SO FAR). WE MADE SUPER-8 MOVIES AND TALKED IN ENDLESS GYNECOLOGICAL DETAIL ABOUT THE GIRLS IN OUR CLASS (AND ONE PARTICULARLY BRALESS MATH TEACHER).

AFTER GRADUATION I DEVISED A PLAN TO ELUDE THE UMBILICAL CLUTCHES OF MY MONSTROUS MOTHER BY MOVING TO THE CITY (WHERE I COULD BE CERTAIN SHE WOULD NEVER VISIT) WITH DOT (HER ARCH-RIVAL WHO SHE HAD ACTUALLY MET ONLY TWICE AND PRETENDED TO LIKE).

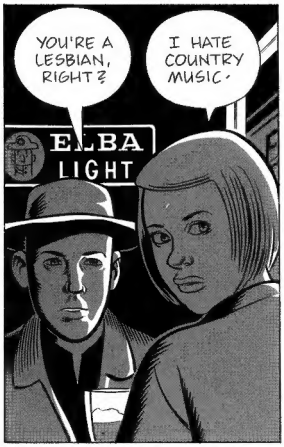
I HADN'T SEEN WHITEY IN A YEAR BUT HE CALLED OCCASIONALLY. THE LAST TIME WE SPOKE, IN A FAILED ATTEMPT TO COAX AN INVITATION, HE MENTIONED "A GREAT HOUSEWARMING GIFT" HE HAD FOR ME...





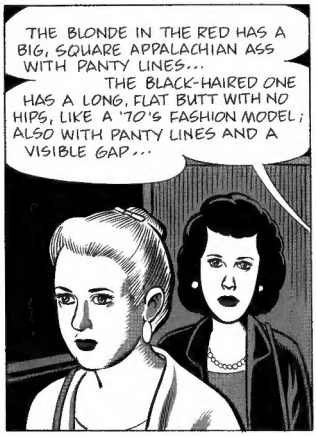


I HAD FORGOTTEN ABOUT WHITEY'S ENVIABLE KNACK FOR IMPROVISATION. HIS STORIES WERE ALWAYS JUST PLAUSIBLE ENOUGH TO WARD OFF ARGUMENT. ON THE WAY HOME HE EXPLAINED THAT HIS HEAD HAD BEEN SHAVED IN A BIZARRE HAZING RITUAL (HE HAD LIVED IN A RENTED ROOM IN THE ONE FRATERNITY HOUSE AT MERRYVALE BIBLE COLLEGE), THOUGH MORE LIKELY IT WAS SOME SORT OF OLD TESTAMENT REVENGE FOR NON-PAYMENT OF RENT.


YOU'RE A LESBIAN, RIGHT?
I HATE COUNTRY MUSIC.
ELBA LIGHT

BELIEVE ME, I USED TO HAVE DOUBTS ABOUT BORING HERE, TOO... I NEVER EVEN SAW HIM TALK TO A GIRL... ALL HE EVER DID WAS JACK OFF TWENTY TIMES A DAY!

YEAH WELL, NOW HE'S A WORLD-CLASS EXPERT--HE CAN TELL YOU WHAT ANY GIRL'S ASS LOOKS LIKE JUST BY LOOKING AT HER FACE...
OH YEAH?
C'MON DAVID--SHOW HIM...


THE BLONDE IN THE RED HAS A BIG, SQUARE APPALACHIAN ASS WITH PANTY LINES... THE BLACK-HAIRED ONE HAS A LONG, FLAT BUTT WITH NO HIPS, LIKE A '70'S FASHION MODEL; ALSO WITH PANTY LINES AND A VISIBLE GAP...

GOD, DAVID, YOU'RE SUCH A STUD!

YEAH, NICE JOB... WILL YOU LADIES EXCUSE ME FOR A MINUTE?

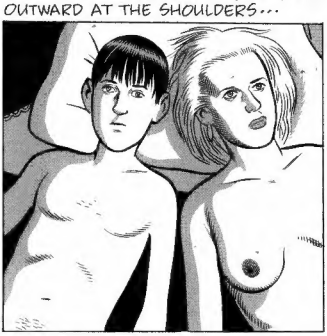
LOOK AT HER-SHE'S ACTUALLY LAUGHING AT HIS JOKES! MAYBE SHE'S A CALL GIRL...
I'M IN LOVE WITH THE BLONDE.
SO GO TALK TO HER.

NO... NOT WITH WHITEY AROUND...
UH-OH... HE'S BRINGING HER OVER TO MEET US...

WISH ME LUCK, LI'L BUDDY... IT'S MY FIRST TIME WITHOUT THE LUCKY PENNY!

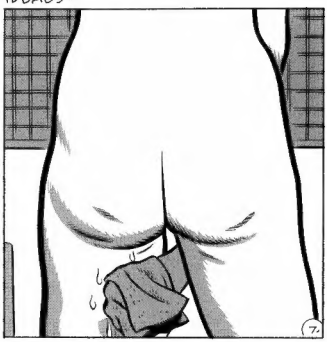
THE FACT IS, I'VE ALWAYS BEEN EMBARRASSED TO TALK TO GIRLS IN FRONT OF WHITEY. HE HAS A WAY OF MAKING YOU FEEL SUBNORMAL IF YOU'RE NOT ATTRACTED TO HIS TYPE (GAUNT, FASHIONABLE AND DUMB). I'VE PURSUED SEVERAL WOMEN (THE "ACTRESS" IN SC. 1, FOR EXAMPLE) BECAUSE I KNEW, ON SOME LEVEL, THAT WHITEY WOULD BE IMPRESSED.

I AM CURSED BY TWO THINGS: AN UNSYMPATHETIC EYE FOR PERFECTION AND A BLOSSOMING KNOWLEDGE OF MY OWN FEMININE IDEAL, SPECIFICALLY: THE HEAD (ROUND EYES AND MOUTH, A JAUNTY ARC TO THE NOSE BRIDGE), SMALLISH AND OVOID, LEADING WITH A PARTICULAR TILT TO AN EXTENDED NECK, SWOOPING OUTWARD AT THE SHOULDERS...

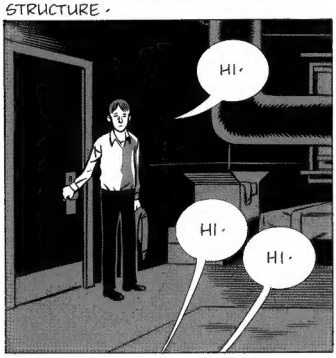


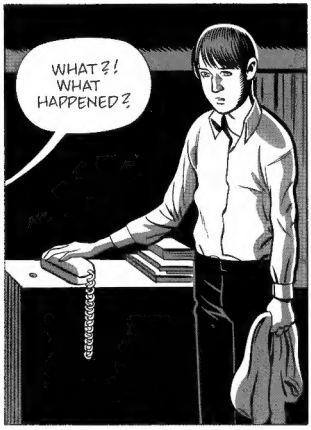
A SUBSTANTIAL CARRIAGE AND ARMS; SMALLISH ROUND BREASTS; A CONVEX STOMACH DIVIDING POWERFUL HIPS WHICH, FROM SIDE TO BACK, DESCRIBE A MEATY SEMI-CIRCLE; PROCEEDING DOWNWARD TO THICK, GIRLISH LEGS AND INSIGNIFICANT FEET.

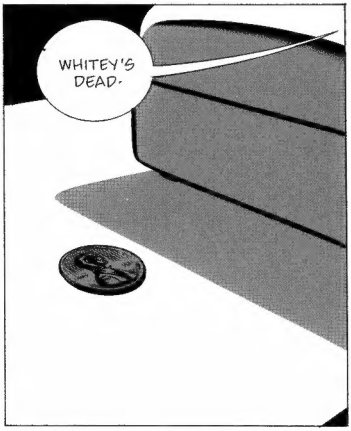
IN SOME WAYS, I LONG FOR THE "OLD DAYS," WHEN FETISHES WERE APPLIED TO HANDKERCHIEFS AND PETTICOATS, RATHER THAN DIRECTLY TO FRAIL PHYSICAL FORMS THAT CAN NEVER LIVE UP TO THE EMBELLISHED PERFECTION OF OUR (WE PERVERTS) IDEALS.



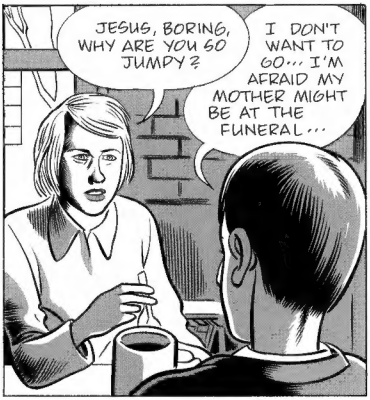
BUT REALLY I'M NOT THE LEAST BIT NOSTALGIC AND MY AESTHETICS ARE UP-TO-DATE, WITH VARIOUS PRIVATE QUIRKS: A SPECIFIC HAIRSTYLE, AN INNOCENT AFFECT AND AN INTANGIBLE X-QUALITY THAT REACT IN COMBINATION WITH THE TIMELESS ALLURE OF A CLASSICAL STRUCTURE.

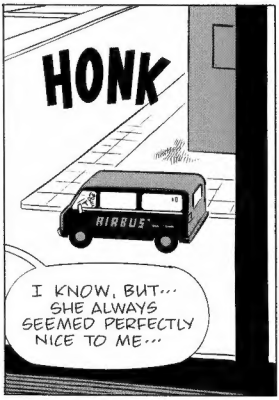




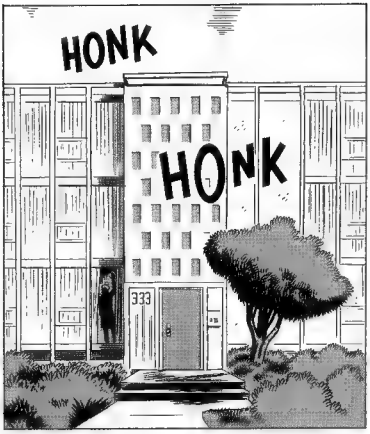


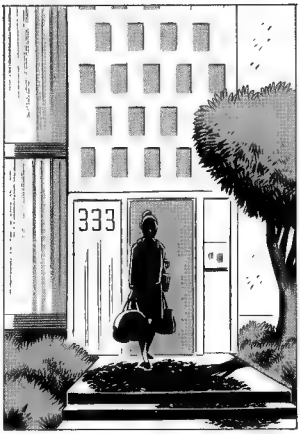
I MET WITH LT. ANEMONE OF THE OCEANA P.D. IN WHAT THE COPS ALL REFERRED TO AS THE "MINI-MORGUE." THE DENT IN WHITEY'S FOREHEAD LOOKED LIKE A GIGANTIC THUMBPRINT.





TODAY IS 3/27/98. I'VE GOT TO FLY TO GEYSERVILLE AND THEN TAKE A BUS TO MERRYVALE BY NOON. I'M TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT TO SAY IF THEY ASK ME TO SPEAK AT THE FUNERAL, BUT ANOTHER PASSENGER (A PROF FROM O.U.) KEEPS DISTRACTING ME... APPARENTLY THERE'S SOME BIG POLITICAL SITUATION GOING ON IN THE WORLD.



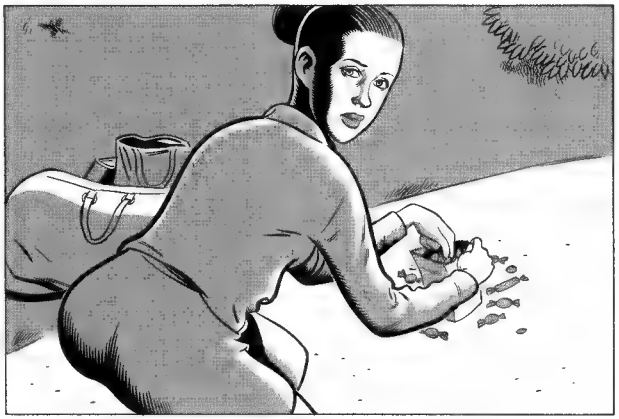


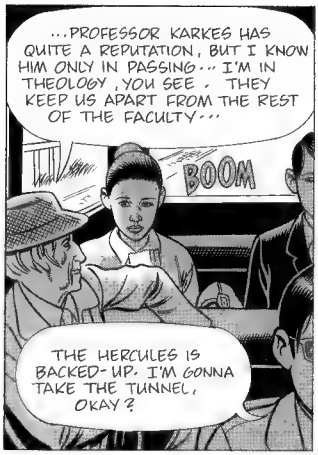
SUDDENLY, THE CLOUDS PART AND THE BIRDS BEGIN CHIRPING...

A PINK SPOTLIGHT LIGHTS HER FACE AS SHE COMES INTO FOCUS. ROMANTIC MUSIC BEGINS TO SWELL. BLOSSOMS BURST INTO BLOOM. CATERPILLARS EXPLODE INTO BUTTERFLIES...

THE MUSIC RECEDES MOMENTARILY FOR A PERFECTLY TIMED SOUND EFFECT, THEN, ADDING STRINGS AND ORGAN, RISES TO A FLORID CLIMAX...

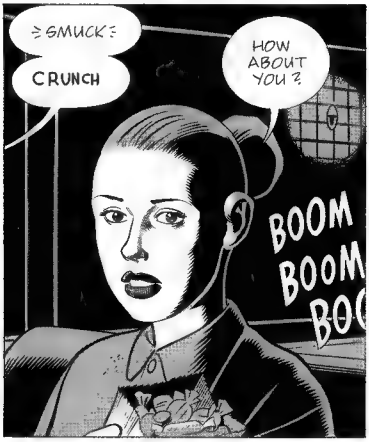
FOR A MOMENT, ALL MOVEMENT CEASES AND THE SCENE IS ONE OF CRYSTALLINE STILLNESS, SILENT EXCEPT FOR A SLOW, MELODRAMATIC HEARTBEAT.

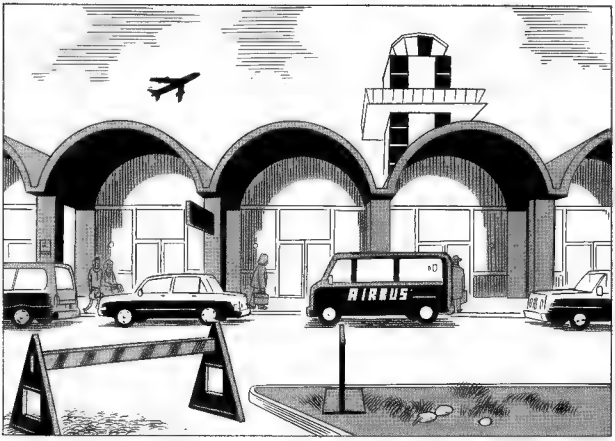


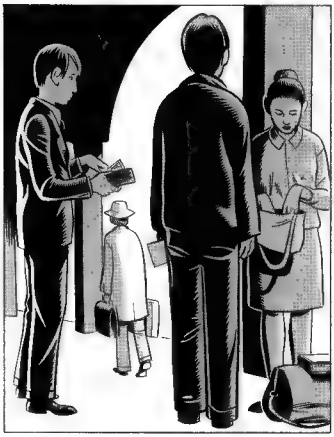


I AM UNABLE TO REPORT ACCURATELY ON THE REST OF THE TRIP. MY WEARY SYNAPSES PROCESS AND RECORD ONLY A FEW GOLDEN FRAGMENTS.

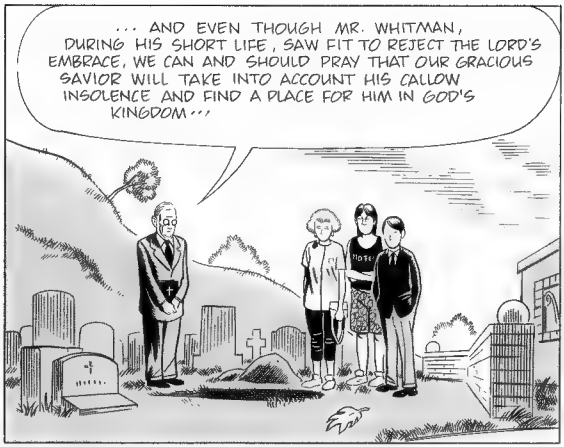
AMONG THEM: A PERFECT SEMI-CIRCLE OF HAIR ABOVE HER UN-PIERCED EAR, THE RASPING LILT OF HER TEENAGER'S VOICE, AND THE NAME ON HER LUGGAGE TAG: WANDA KRAMC

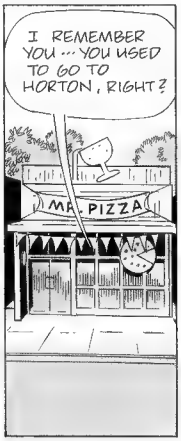




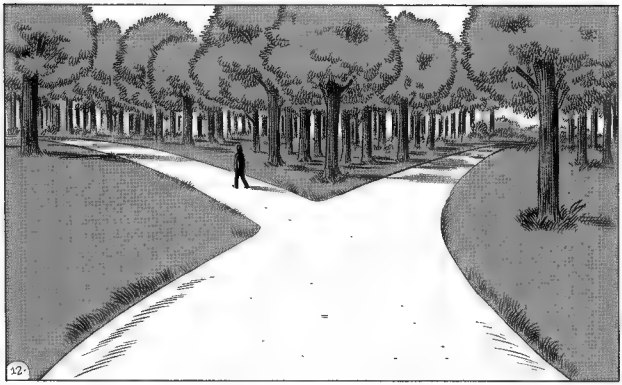


I ACTUALLY CONSIDER BUYING A TICKET ON HER FLIGHT AND PAYING OFF (OR KILLING) ANOTHER PASSENGER SO I CAN SIT NEXT TO HER, BUT, GOD KNOWS WHY, I STILL FEEL SOME SORT OF OBLIGATION TO WHITEY (WHO, IF HE WERE HERE, WOULD SAY, "PFF! SHE'S NO BIG DEAL...")

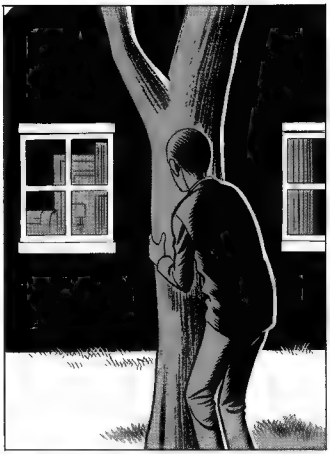


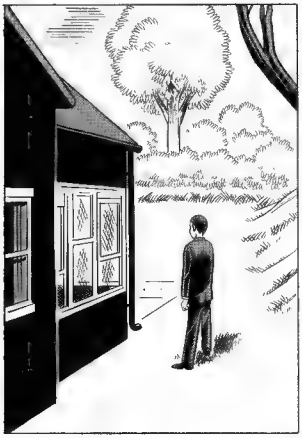


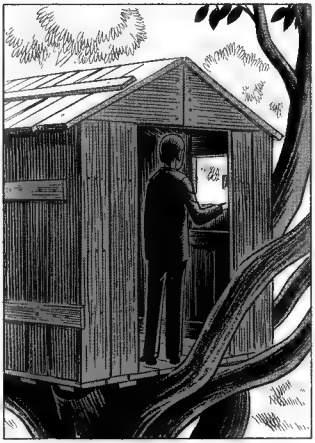
IN A WAY I WAS GLAD THAT WHITEY WAS DEAD. YOU CAN NEVER REALLY TRUST SOMEONE WHO REMEMBERS EVERY EMBARRASSING DETAIL OF YOUR ADOLESCENCE.

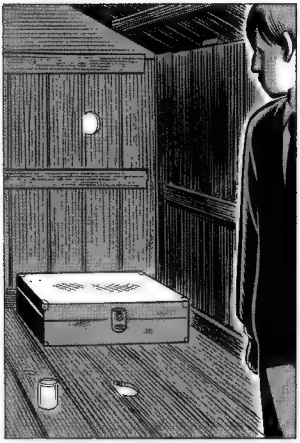


EVEN WORSE, THOUGH, IS TO IMAGINE HIM UP ON A CLOUD SOMEWHERE WATCHING EVERY LITTLE THING I DO. I'M SURE I'LL NEVER HEAR THE END OF IT WHEN I DIE.

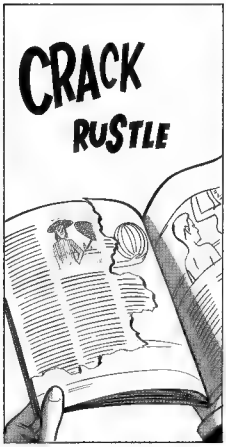




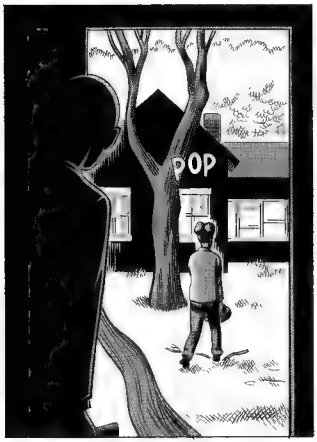


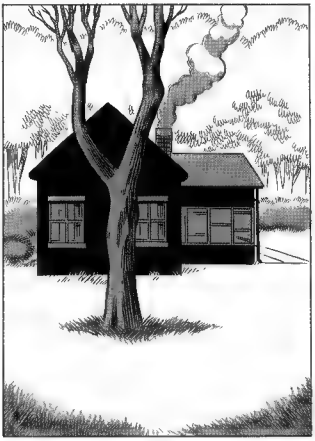


utopia

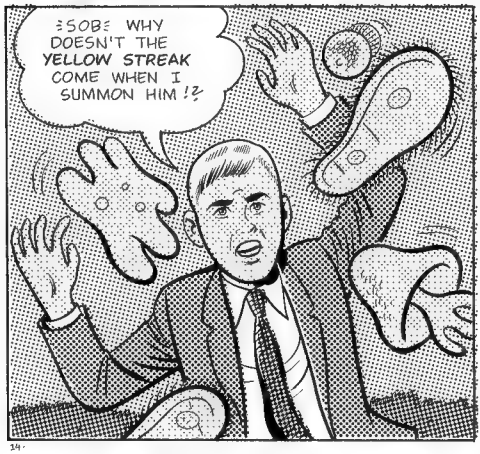

CRACK
RUSTLE

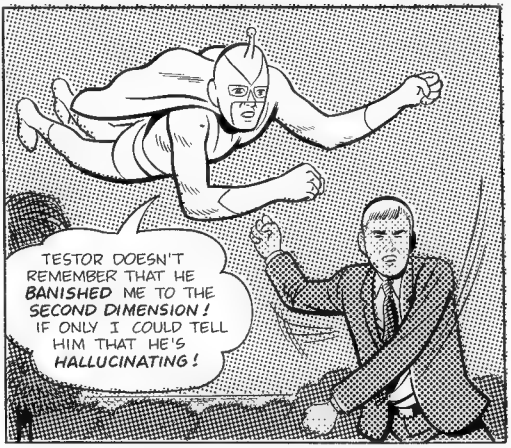
SNAP


POP



YELLOW STREAK

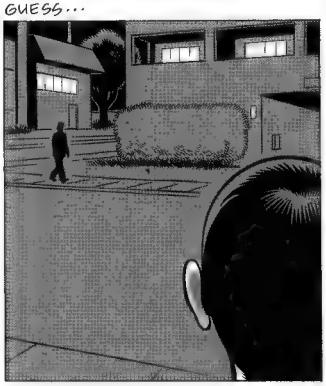

SOB WHY DOESN'T THE YELLOW STREAK COME WHEN I SUMMON HIM!?


TESTOR DOESN'T REMEMBER THAT HE BANISHED ME TO THE SECOND DIMENSION! IF ONLY I COULD TELL HIM THAT HE'S HALLUCINATING!

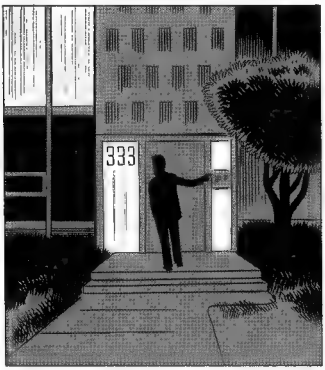
THE ASTUTE READER MAY HAVE NOTICED A CERTAIN RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN WANDA KRAML AND MY FAVORITE SCRAPBOOK GIRL. THEY ARE BOTH EXAMPLES OF THAT "FEMININE IDEAL" I WAS TALKING ABOUT...

THE GENEALOGY OF THIS INFATUATION CAN BE TRACED BACK TO THE SUMMER OF 1991, WHICH I SPENT PRACTICALLY ALONE WITH THEIR PROTOTYPE (MY PERFECT COUSIN, PAMELA).

IT'S BEEN 27 DAYS SINCE WHITEY WAS KILLED. AT THIS POINT THEY'RE CALLING IT AN "ACT OF GOD", I GUESS...

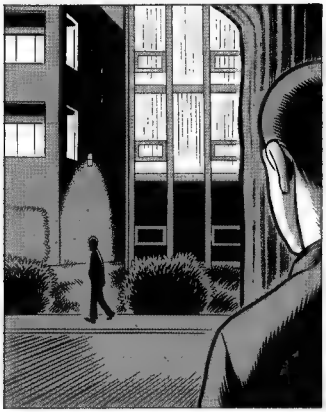


I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM THE COPS IN A WEEK, WHICH IN A WAY IS GOOD BECAUSE I WAS STARTING TO THINK THAT I WAS THEIR MAIN SUSPECT...



I GUESS MY "ALIBI" CHECKED OUT, WHICH IS SURPRISING SINCE I NEVER ONCE CALLED THE BLONDE AFTER THAT NIGHT...

I LOVE THAT I'M TALKING ABOUT "BLONDES" AND "ALIBIS"...



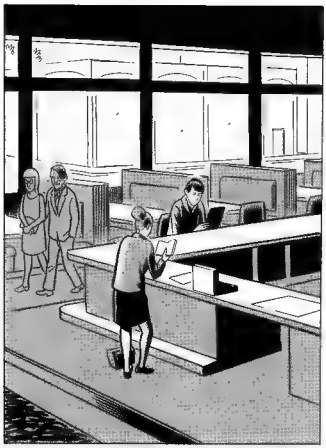
ACTUALLY, I LOATHE ALL CRIMINALS, VIOLENT THUGS, GUN-WIELDING MORONS, ETC.

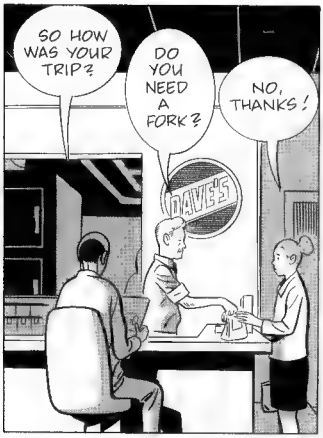
I MENTIONED BEFORE THAT DOT AND I USED TO MAKE MOVIES. WE WERE ACTUALLY PRETTY SERIOUS ABOUT IT.

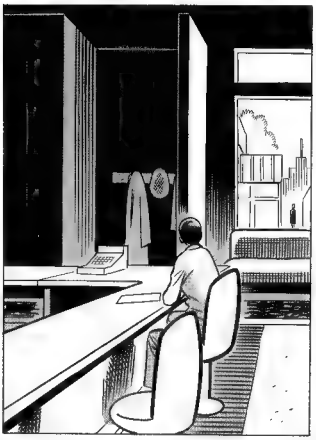
OUR BIG IDEA WAS TO MAKE A PORNOGRAPHIC EPIC...

NOT JUST A RUN-OF-THE-MILL THING, BUT A COMPLEX NARRATIVE, WHERE THE SEX WAS A NATURAL PART OF THE ACTION. I WAS GOING TO BE THE MAIN STAR...

UNFORTUNATELY, WE COULD NEVER COME UP WITH A GOOD STORY...

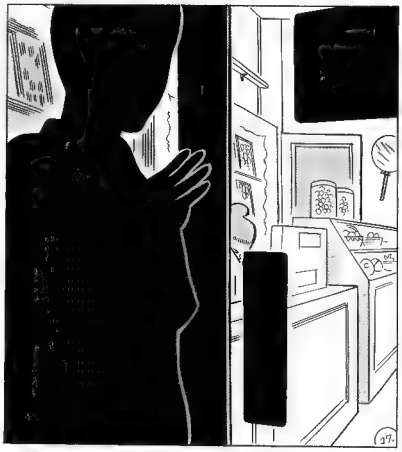






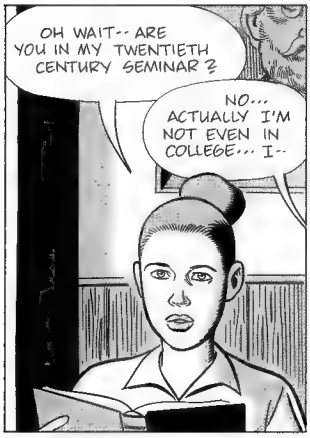
THIS ALL HAPPENED ON APRIL 11TH. THAT NIGHT AT WORK I WAS UNABLE, FOR THE FIRST TIME, TO DECIPHER THE "CRYPTIC WORD QUIZ" IN THE EVENING PAPER.

THREE DAYS LATER, WE HAVE THE FIRST REALLY WARM DAY OF THE SPRING. THE STREETS ARE QUIET AND A LOT OF BUSINESSES ARE CLOSED BECAUSE OF SOME OBSCURE RELIGIOUS HOLIDAY, AND I AM BUOYED BY THE INNATE HUMAN CONFIDENCE THAT COMES WITH FAIR WEATHER...



SO HOW WAS YOUR TRIP?

...FINE...
HOW DO I KNOW YOU AGAIN?

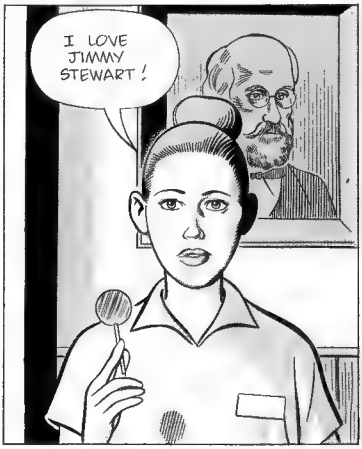

OH WAIT-- ARE YOU IN MY TWENTIETH CENTURY SEMINAR?
NO... ACTUALLY I'M NOT EVEN IN COLLEGE... I--

GOD, YOU'RE REALLY SKINNY!
...SO ARE YOU STILL IN HIGH SCHOOL?

NO! GOD, NO... I'M ALMOST TWENTY!
REMEMBER-- I WAS SITTING NEXT TO YOU ON THE BUS...

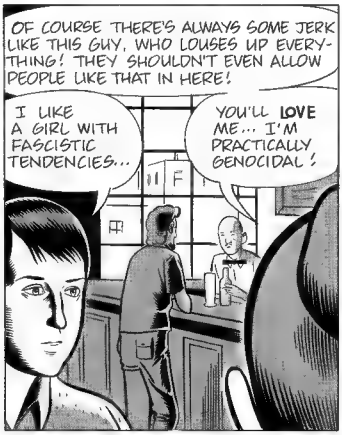
GOD, LOOK AT YOUR ARMS-- THEY'RE LIKE STICKS!
YEAH, WELL... THAT'S WHY I USUALLY NEVER WEAR A SHORT-SLEEVE SHIRT IN PUBLIC...

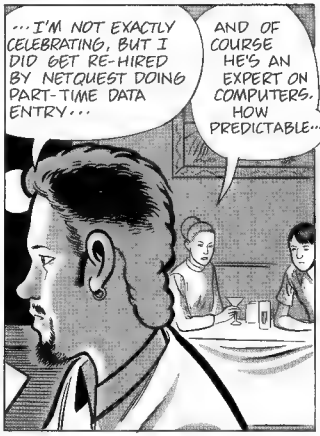
NO, IT'S GOOD...
SKINNY IS GOOD!...

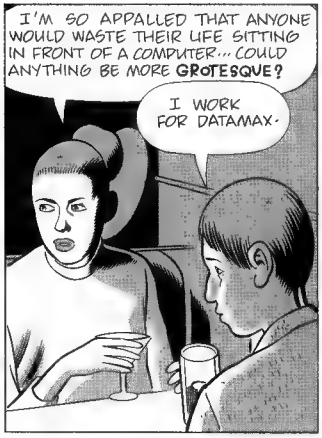

I LOVE JIMMY STEWART!

THIS IS PRACTICALLY THE ONLY PERFECT PLACE LEFT IN TOWN... I USED TO GO TO THE HICKORY HOUSE BUT IT'S JUST HORRIBLE NOW...
HAVE YOU EVER BEEN TO GEORGIE'S?
OH, THAT PLACE IS SO SMUG...
I HATE IT THERE!

ME TOO...
THIS PLACE IS SO WELL-MAINTAINED... IT'S LIKE A PERFECT MOVIE SET...


OF COURSE THERE'S ALWAYS SOME JERK LIKE THIS GUY, WHO LOUSES UP EVERYTHING! THEY SHOULDN'T EVEN ALLOW PEOPLE LIKE THAT IN HERE!
I LIKE A GIRL WITH FASCISTIC TENDENCIES...
YOU'LL LOVE ME... I'M PRACTICALLY GENOCIDAL!


...I'M NOT EXACTLY CELEBRATING, BUT I DID GET RE-HIRED BY NETQUEST DOING PART-TIME DATA ENTRY...
AND OF COURSE HE'S AN EXPERT ON COMPUTERS. HOW PREDICTABLE...


I'M SO APPALLED THAT ANYONE WOULD WASTE THEIR LIFE SITTING IN FRONT OF A COMPUTER... COULD ANYTHING BE MORE GROTESQUE?
I WORK FOR DATAMAX.

OH MY GOD, I'M REALLY SORRY...
DON'T WORRY... I'M ONLY A NIGHT WATCHMAN.

OH THANK GOD... FOR A SECOND I THOUGHT I WAS ALL WRONG ABOUT YOU!

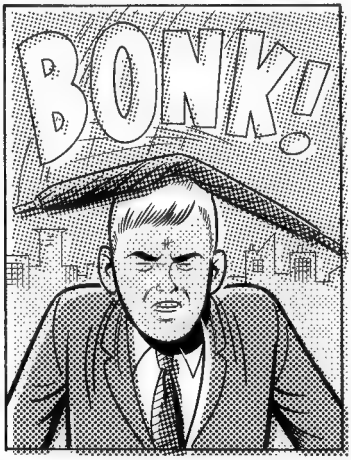
SO WHY DID YOU STOP MAKING MOVIES, DAVID?
333

BECAUSE EVERY STORY HAS ALREADY BEEN TOLD A MILLION TIMES.

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN AN X-RATED MOVIE?
YEAH...
JUST ONCE...

I HAD TO WATCH A WHOLE BUNCH OF THEM FOR THIS PAPER I WAS WRITING... IT WAS SO THRILLING...

I FELT LIKE A SCIENTIST LOOKING AT THE MICROBES IN HIS PETRI DISH!


BONK!

ANYWAY... I JUST STOPPED BY TO SAY HI... I HAVE TO GO HOME AND STUDY.
YEAH, I HAVE A LOT OF IMPORTANT STUFF TO DO TOO... I HAVEN'T EVEN READ THE PAPER YET...
OPTIMAX

YOU'RE SO CUTE, DAVID!
OPTIMAX

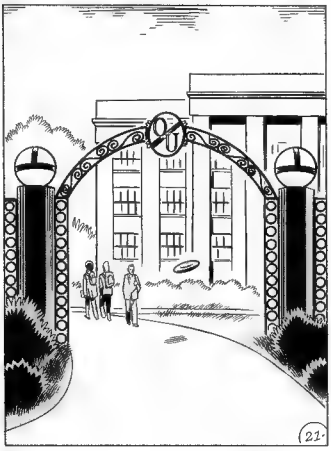
THERE I WAS, HE WHO HAD TASTED ALL MANNER OF MANLY CONQUEST, SWOONING OVER A GIRLISH PECK...

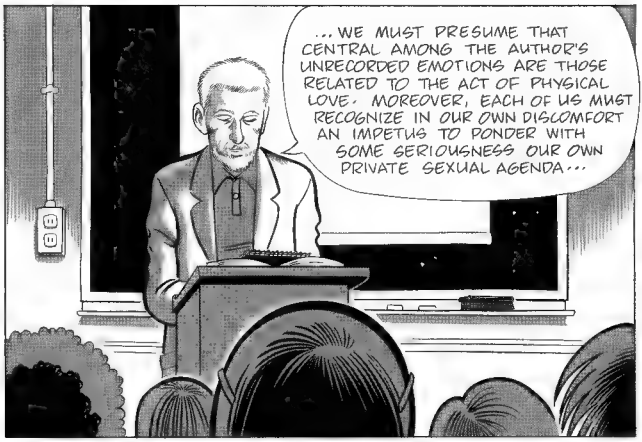
IN THE DATES THAT FOLLOW, WE SLOWLY GRADUATE TO A STYLIZED FORM OF TONGUELESS SMOOCHING, HER APPARENT MODESTY OFFSET BY A RELENTLESS INTEREST IN THE SORDID DETAILS OF HUMAN SEXUALITY.

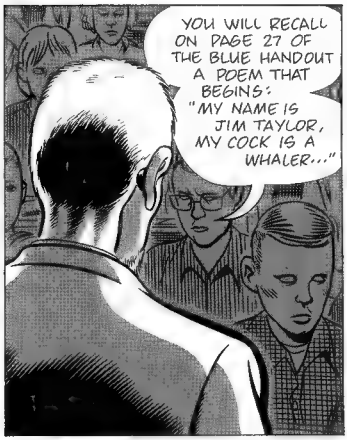
TODAY IS MY TWENTIETH BIRTHDAY AND OUR SEVENTH OFFICIAL DATE.

EVERY MOMENT WITH HER HAS THE TEXTURE OF HOLLYWOODISH MELODRAMA. I FIND MYSELF CAPABLE AS NEVER BEFORE OF WITTY BANTER AND RUGGED CHARM, AS THOUGH SUDDENLY PROMOTED FROM CHARACTER ACTOR TO LEADING MAN.

I AM IN LOVE, AND NEARLY OVERCOME WITH LONGING. I HAVE TAKEN TO CARRYING WHITEY'S LUCKY PENNY WITH ME ON EVERY DATE.

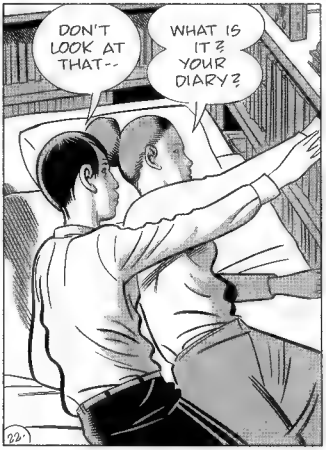



...WE MUST PRESUME THAT CENTRAL AMONG THE AUTHOR'S UNRECORDED EMOTIONS ARE THOSE RELATED TO THE ACT OF PHYSICAL LOVE. MOREOVER, EACH OF US MUST RECOGNIZE IN OUR OWN DISCOMFORT AN IMPETUS TO PONDER WITH SOME SERIOUSNESS OUR OWN PRIVATE SEXUAL AGENDA...


YOU WILL RECALL ON PAGE 27 OF THE BLUE HANDOUT A POEM THAT BEGINS: "MY NAME IS JIM TAYLOR, MY COCK IS A WHALER..."

HMMMM...

WHAT'S THIS?

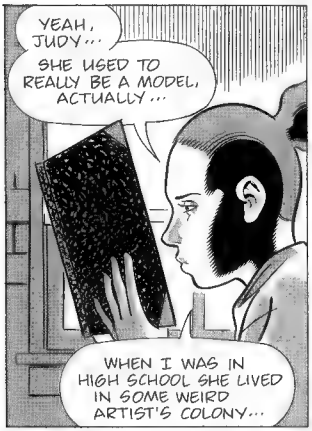

DON'T LOOK AT THAT--
WHAT IS IT? YOUR DIARY?

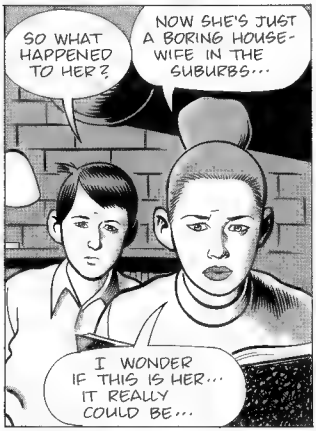
DON'T! GIVE IT TO ME!
OW, DAVID-- YOU'RE HURTING ME!

OH MY GOD... DAVID... IS THIS YOURS?

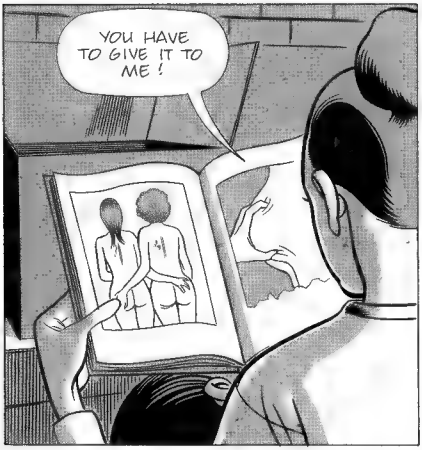
THIS IS SO AMAZING...

GOD. SHE LOOKS LIKE MY SISTER...
I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD A SISTER...

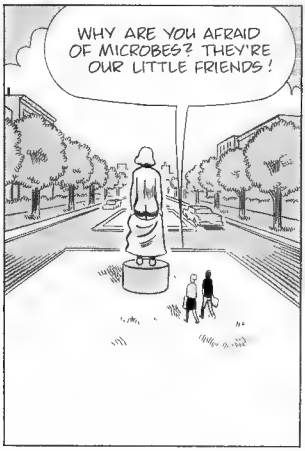

YEAH, JUDY...
SHE USED TO REALLY BE A MODEL, ACTUALLY...
WHEN I WAS IN HIGH SCHOOL SHE LIVED IN SOME WEIRD ARTIST'S COLONY...

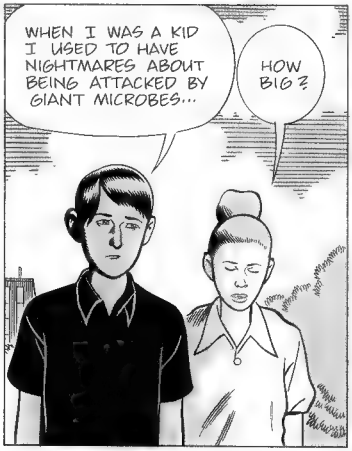

SO WHAT HAPPENED TO HER?
NOW SHE'S JUST A BORING HOUSE-WIFE IN THE SUBURBS...
I WONDER IF THIS IS HER... IT REALLY COULD BE...

GOD, DAVID... THIS BOOK IS THE GREATEST!

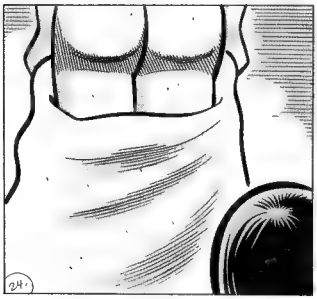

YOU HAVE TO GIVE IT TO ME!

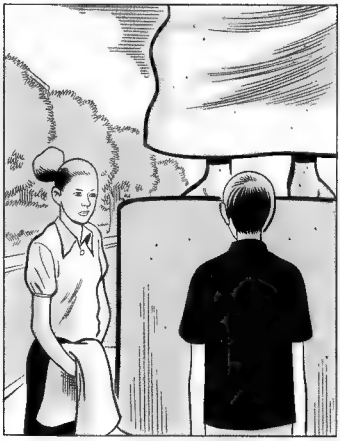
SO... DO YOU WANT TO DO SOMETHING THIS WEEKEND?
I DUNNO... MAYBE... I CAN'T REALLY TALK RIGHT NOW...



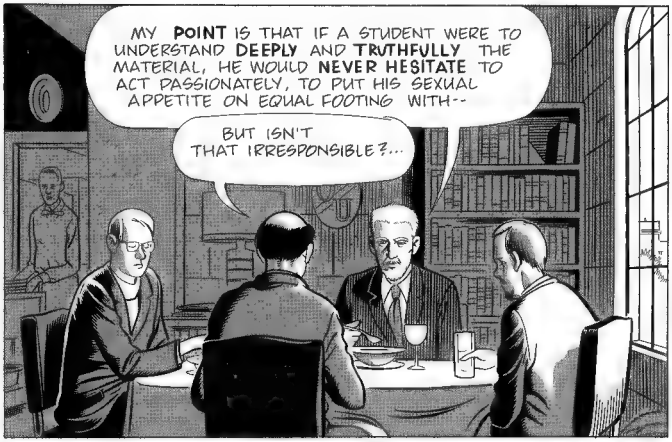


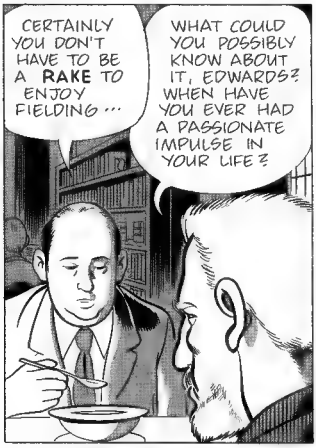
TODAY IS MAY 22, AND WE STILL HAVE YET TO GO BEYOND LIGHT PETTING. YESTERDAY, WHILE SHE WAS TAKING A NAP, I WHISPERED "PLEASE LET ME FUCK YOU" AS A KIND OF SUBLIMINAL SUGGESTION. IT'S POSSIBLE THAT I'M GOING INSANE.





WHAT WHAT ? I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING.

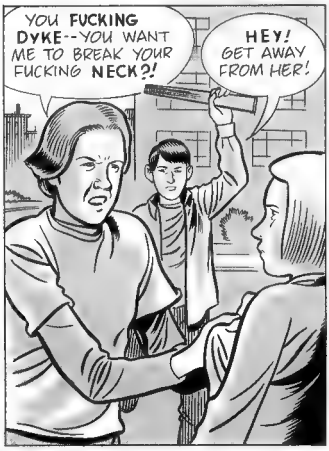

MY POINT IS THAT IF A STUDENT WERE TO UNDERSTAND DEEPLY AND TRUTHFULLY THE MATERIAL, HE WOULD NEVER HESITATE TO ACT PASSIONATELY, TO PUT HIS SEXUAL APPETITE ON EQUAL FOOTING WITH--
BUT ISN'T THAT IRRESPONSIBLE ?...

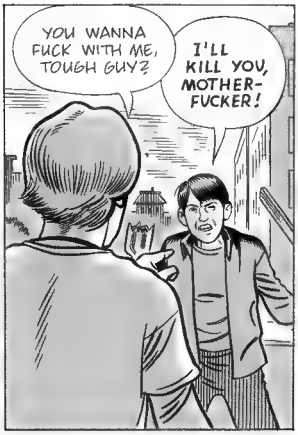

CERTAINLY YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A RAKE TO ENJOY FIELDING ...
WHAT COULD YOU POSSIBLY KNOW ABOUT IT, EDWARDS? WHEN HAVE YOU EVER HAD A PASSIONATE IMPULSE IN YOUR LIFE ?

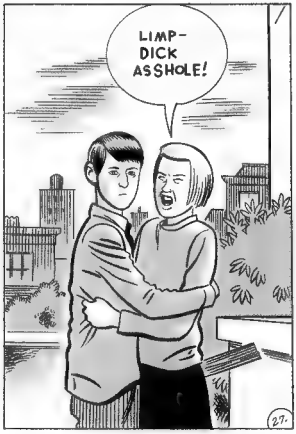
STEADY, KARKES... THAT'S UNCALLED FOR !
I-I'M SORRY...
HAVING A FLARE-UP OF THE MID-LIFE CRISIS, FERDINAND ?

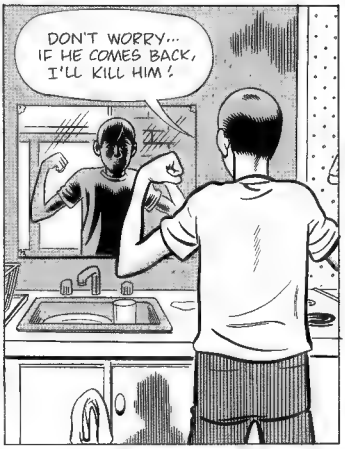
YES, MY FRIENDS, IT WAS ABSOLUTELY REAL; THE ACT HAVING TAKEN PLACE BETWEEN 3:30 AND 4:00 PM ON MEMORIAL DAY, 1998 DURING WHAT MY RECORDS INDICATE TO HAVE BEEN OUR 13TH DATE.

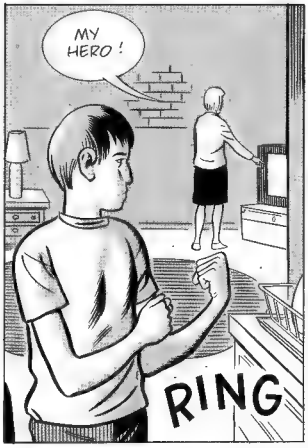
NO PRECAUTIONS OF ANY KIND WERE TAKEN AND UNFATHOMABLE HEIGHTS OF ECSTASY, ETC. WERE REACHED.





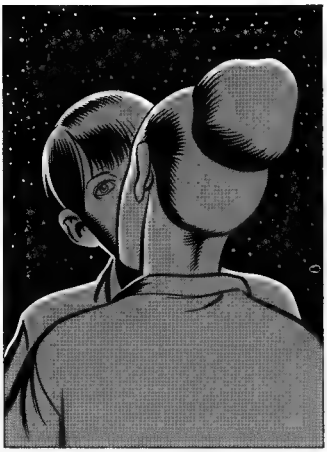


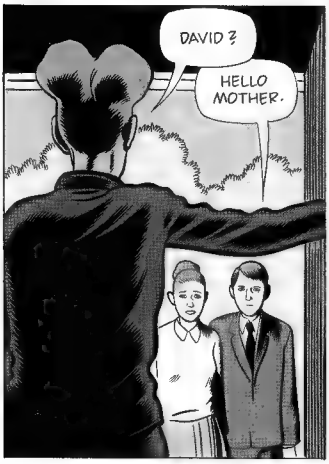




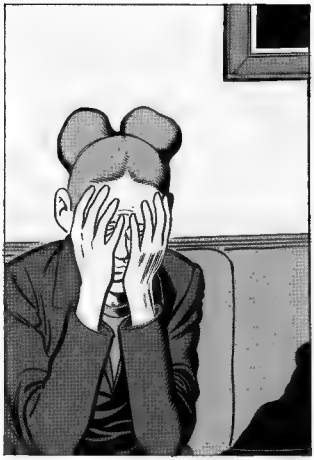
SHE WAS CALLING ON THE FLIMSY PRETEXT THAT I HAD FORGOTTEN TO CALL HER ON MOTHER'S DAY AND, THEREFORE, SHE WAS WORRIED ABOUT ME. I TOLD HER I'D CALL HER BACK (LIE). IT WAS UNCANNY HOW SHE KNEW TO CALL AT PRECISELY THE MOST MASCULINE MOMENT OF MY LIFE.

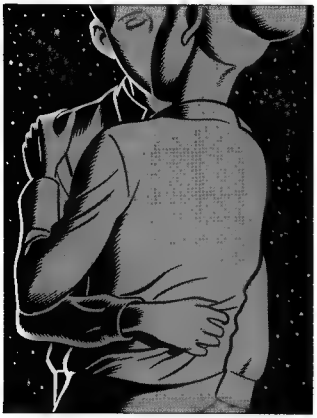
OH, BUT YOU ARE, MY DARLING...




DAVID ?
HELLO MOTHER.

I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET WANDA... MY WIFE.
HOW DO YOU DO?
YOUR WIFE ?



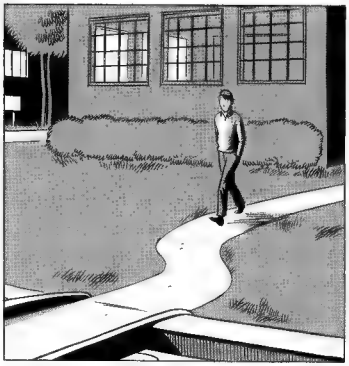


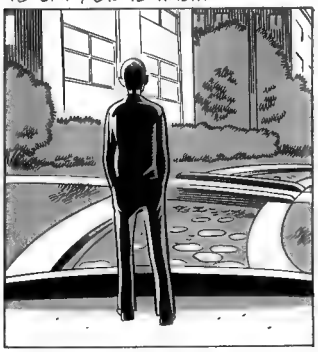
GOD, CUT IT OUT !
UKK !

I'M NOT YOUR LITTLE WHORE, DAVID !

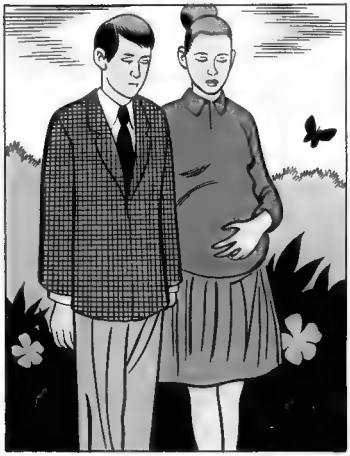
FACE IT, BORING... YOU JUST LIKE HER BECAUSE SHE HAS A FAT ASS !
THERE'S WAY MORE TO IT THAN THAT...

THIS WAS NOT GOOD. BEFORE SHE LEFT SHE MUMBLED SOMETHING ABOUT SOME BOOK SHE HAD BEEN READING. SOMETHING ABOUT SEX AND RELIGION. -I WAS AFRAID TO ASK.




AT THIS MOMENT, I AM SO OVERCOME WITH FEAR THAT I ACTUALLY CONSIDER PRAYING, THOUGH I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT TO SAY, OR TO WHOM...

INSTEAD, I TURN TO THE POSSIBILITY OF SUICIDE. I ENVISION THE HEADLINES ("CORPSE FOUND BY BOTANY CLASS") AND WONDER IF I'D GET A BIGGER TURNOUT THAN WHITEY DID...
BETTER NOT TO JUMP THE GUN, I THINK. MAYBE SHE WAS JUST IN A BAD MOOD.



HEY! IT'S FOR YOU...

WHAT?
SHE SAYS SHE DOESN'T WANT TO SEE ME FOR A WHILE... SHE SAYS SHE'LL CALL ME IN A WEEK...

SHE MUST HAVE ANOTHER BOYFRIEND...

C'MON, BORING... YOU HAVE TO GET UP TODAY.
NO.

IT'S BEEN NINE DAYS... SHE'S NOT GOING TO CALL...
SIGH

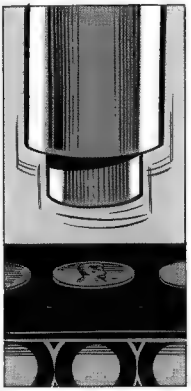
DON'T BE SAD, DAVID...
SHE WAS A CUNT.
MAYBE I SHOULD JUST MOVE AWAY AND BECOME A HERMIT...

WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO MOVE?
I COULD GO TO HULLIGAN'S WHARF... NOBODY WOULD BOTHER ME THERE...

OOH, CAN I GO TOO? I WANT TO START SWIMMING AGAIN...
OH FUCK!

WHAT?
I'M SEEING SPOTS!
IS IT A MIGRAINE?
FUCK!

POOR BABY... WHAT CAN I DO?
NOT SO LOUD!


THIS IS THE WORST HEADACHE OF MY LIFE, AN UNBEARABLE KNOT OF PAIN ABOVE MY RIGHT EYE.

I CAN'T SLEEP OR EAT FOR TWO DAYS.

"IS IT AN ANEURISM? DO YOU WANT ME TO CALL AN AMBULANCE OR SOMETHING?"

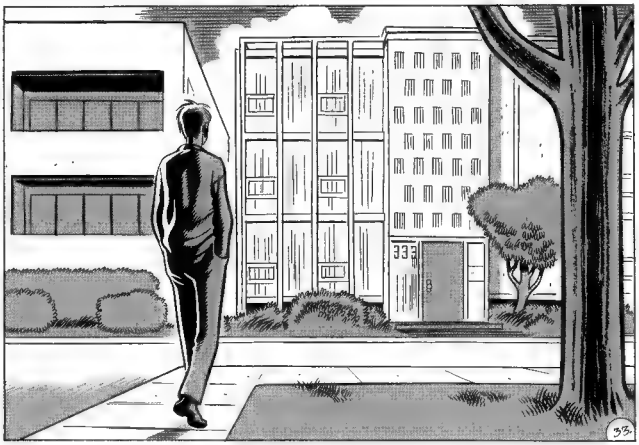
I BANG MY HEAD AGAINST THE WALL IN A FUTILE ATTEMPT TO DERAIL THE MADDENING TORRENT OF HALLUCINATIONS AND NAUSEA.

"you must have very potent sperm."

IS IT EVEN POSSIBLE TO DERAIL A TORRENT? DOES ANYTHING I SAY MAKE SENSE?

SOMEBODY PLEASE KILL ME PLEASE KILL ME PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE KILL ME

(AGONIZED MOAN).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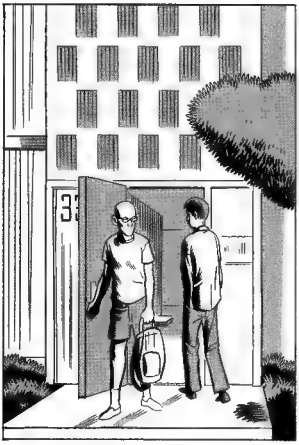
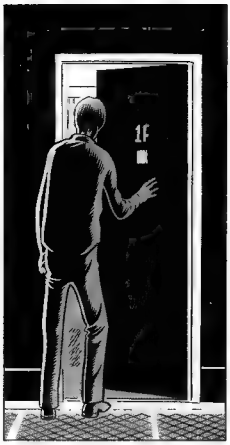
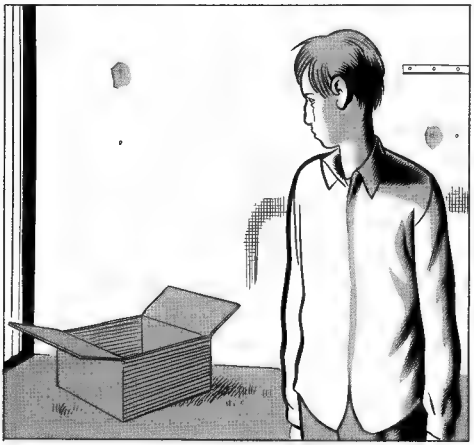
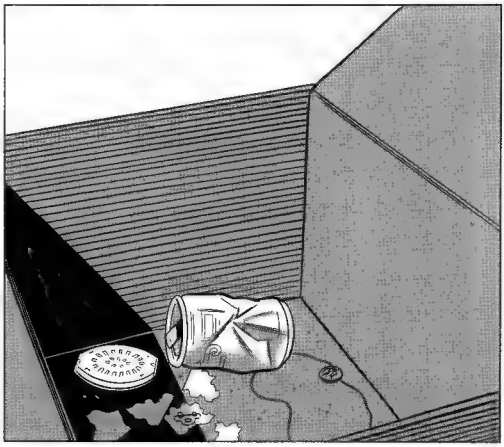
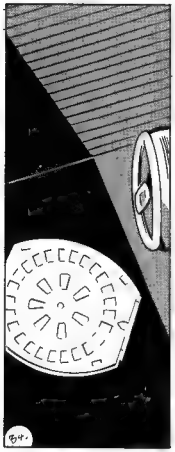
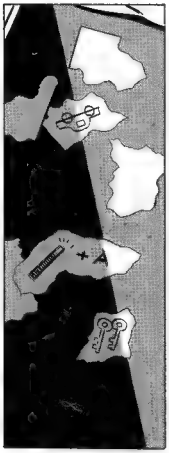






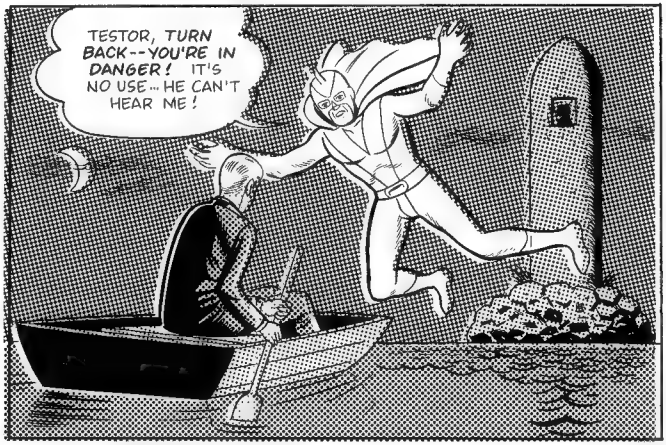






I GUESS SHE DECIDED TO KEEP MY SCRAPBOOK; THAT WAS SOMETHING... AND AT LEAST MY EMBARRASSING LOVE LETTER OF MAY 27 WASN'T IN THE BOX...

LET'S SEE, WHAT ELSE? THE POLICE HAVE LONG AGO STOPPED INVESTIGATING WHITEY'S DEATH... DOT HAS BEEN OFFICIALLY DUMPED BY GINGER, I GUESS... I STILL HAVEN'T CALLED MY MOTHER BACK...



WHAT?
I'M SORRY, I'M A LITTLE DRUNK... I DON'T MEAN TO INTERRUPT YOU IN THE MIDDLE OF YOUR STORY...
I'M A LOT DRUNK...
STILL, I'M VERY OPPOSED TO ALL FORMS OF NARRATIVE DISRUPTION, AND I DO APOLOGIZE...
SO TELL ME... DO YOU THINK WE'RE HEADED FOR WORLD WAR THREE?
HEY!
TO BE CONTINUED...

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...THE MOST STRIKING FEELING I GOT WHILE READING *MODERN CARTOONIST* WAS THAT "HEY! THIS IS LIKE AYN RAND!"

STEVE STENSLIE
FARGO, ND

A FRIEND OF MINE WHO CLAIMS TO BE "IN THE KNOW" SAYS THAT THERE WILL BE NO MORE "SQUIRREL GIRL AND CANDY-PANTS" FOR SOME TIME. IN FACT, THIS INSIDER INFORMED ME THAT THE NEXT THREE ISSUES WILL BE ONE LONG STORY, WITH NO POSSIBILITY OF "SQUIRREL GIRL AND CANDY-PANTS"!

BILL WEAVER
BROOKLYN, NY

I THOUGHT I'D DASH OFF A SECOND LETTER IN CASE THE FIRST ONE DIDN'T REACH YOU. ALTHOUGH I'M SURE YOU GOT IT, I MEAN, AS TALENTED AND ABLE AN ARTIST AS YOU WOULD ALSO BE CAPABLE OF RECEIVING A SIMPLE LETTER. ANYWAY, I JUST WANTED TO BE SURE THAT YOU WERE AWARE OF ME, DANIEL FARBER, AN ACTING STUDENT IN NEW YORK, AND MY INTEREST AND ESTEEM FOR YOUR WORK.

DANIEL FARBER
NEW YORK, NY

...IN "BLACK NYLON" PAGE 23, FRAME # 2, THE SIGNS IN THE BACKGROUND SPELL OUT (WHEN PUT TOGETHER) "STRANGLE," AND THEN YOU USE THE WORD "STRANGLE" IN THE NEXT FRAME. COINCIDENCE? IF NOT, WHAT'S YOUR POINT?

DOUG BATEMAN
BRADLEY, FL.

...I'M REALLY MAD FOR THE WHOLE ENGLISH "TEDDY BOY" SCENE OF THE 1960'S. I'VE BEEN TRYING TO FIND A PAIR OF ORIGINAL "DRAINPIPE" JEANS FOR AGES, WITH NO LUCK... MAYBE YOU COULD DO A STORY WHERE LLOYD LLEWELLYN BECOMES A "TEDDY BOY."

ERIC NELSON
EUGENE, OR.

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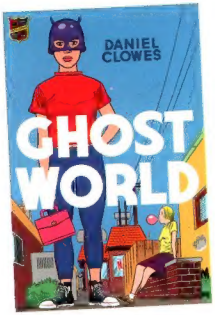

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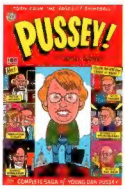

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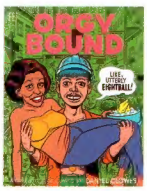

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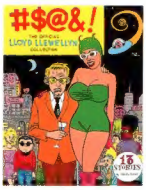

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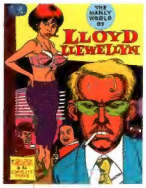

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